Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.
Tran. Then thou wert best say that I am not *Lucentio*.
Gre. Yes I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.
Bap. Away with the dotard, to the laile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh monstrous villaine.
Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forsweare him, or else wee are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweete father. *Kneele.*
Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?
Bian. Pardon deere father.
Bap. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?
Luc. Heere's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vincentio*,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eine.
Gre. Heere's packing with a witnesse to deceiue vs all.
Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?
Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?
Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. *Bianca's* loue
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the Towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the last
Vnto the wished hauen of my blisse:
What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to;
Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.
Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent me to the laile.
Bap. But doe you heare sir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?
Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, wee will content you, go to:
but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*
Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*
Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frowne.

Exeunt.

Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the rest,
Out

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.
Kate. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.
Petr. First kisse me *Kate*, and wee will.
Kate. What in the midst of the streete?
Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?
Kate. No sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.
Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirralet's away.
Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now pray Loue stay.
Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate*.
Better once then neuer, for neuer too late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca, Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and widdow: The seruingmen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with selfe same kindnesse welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortensio* with thy louing *Widdow*:
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,
My banket is to close our stomakes vp
After our great good cheere: pray you sit downe,
For now wee sit to chat as well as eate.
Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.
Bap. *Padua* affoords this kindnesse sonne *Petruchio*.
Petr. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde.
Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.
Pet. Now for my life *Hortensio* feares his Widow.
Wid. Then neuer trust me if I be affeard.
Petr. You are very sensible, and yet you misse my sence:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.27) Octavo